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DRAMAtical Murder re:code - Morphine Route; Part 4 Translation

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SUMMARY

In which more Morphine activities are brought to light.

Mizuki
Oi, Aoba.

Aoba
...

Mizuki
Aoba

Aoba
....ugh.

I'm still sleepy. I want to sleep.
But, I should wake up.
Or else, I'll be late for work...
I'll wake up now, Granny...

Aoba
....ugh... it hurts...

Mizuki
You're finally awake, huh.

I jump up, and is instantly hit by a terrible headache, my face twists in pain.
It hurts a lot. My head is throbbing...
Anyway I'm now...
What was I thinking before I woke up?
I press my palm against my forehead, noticing that someone is standing by my bed
and shift my gaze towards his direction.
...Mizuki.

Mizuki
You're not waking up at all, I thought you've died.

Aoba
...

The corners of Mizuki's lips curve into a smirk, as if laughing at something funny.
To be honest, I don't feel like replying to him.
My head hurts, besides...
What I was thinking before I woke is irritating me.
What was that.
Is it because my conscious is not balanced out yet? It's only been a day, it should be expected but, even so, it's irritating me.
This is the inside of Platinum Jail. It's not the Old Resident District.
I'm... me.

Mizuki
...Oi, are you okay?

Mizuki is staring at my face. As if trying to avoid his gaze, I take my hand off my forehead and look away.

Aoba
I'm feeling the worst.

Mizuki
Drink some medicine. We can get better medicines than we could in the Old Resident District, you know?

Aoba
I don't need it.

I pull the blanket away, sitting by the side of the bed.
Even when I'm awake now, my mind is still in a blank state. Is this the aftereffect of switching with □Reason□?
...No, I've been weak towards morning since the very beginning.

Aoba
What time is it now?

Mizuki
Check your Coil.

Aoba
It's troublesome.

Mizuki
Seriously, you... It's 11 now.

Aoba
Morning?

Mizuki
Night.

Aoba
...Huh?

For a moment, I thought I was hearing it wrong.
11 at night? That means... I slept for 24 hours?

Aoba
...

It must be because of the fact that I'm still yet to retain balance with my conscious.
Anyhow, if I don't buck up now it's going to irritate me even more.

Mizuki
I really thought you have died. Are you really that bad at waking up?

Aoba
Shut up.

Mizuki
You're in a bad mood. Oh well, it's okay if you want to continue sleeping but now we have something that we need to do.

Aoba
Something we need to do?

Mizuki
It's work. Morphine's work.

Work, huh?
I'm thrown with serious stuff the moment I'm awake, my head still hurts. Without the intention to move, I look at my feet, while Mizuki stares at my face from the side.

Mizuki
Oi, are you listening?

Aoba
Shut up. I just woke up, my head isn't functioning yet.

Mizuki
Faster make it function then.

Even with my annoyed answer, Mizuki doesn't seem like he mind a single bit.

Mizuki

Your waking up attitude aside, your sleeping face is really bad, you know?

Aoba

Huh? Sleeping face? Who cares about that?

Mizuki

I'll take picture the next time so you can take a look yourself. It's a very amazing scene, you know? There's no snoring sound from you at all, even.

I'm not interested in my own sleeping face.

It's bothersome to reply so I keep quiet, then noticing something is placed by my knee.

Aoba

What's this?

Mizuki

Parker. Didn't you say you wanted it yesterday?

Aoba

...Yeah.

Now that he mentioned it, I'm reminded of it.

I said that huh...

Mizuki

After this, you need to change. This is for you, just in the meantime.

Mizuki places a bag of clothing by my side.

I open up the parker with both hands, there's a Morphine logo sewn against the chest.

Mizuki

Also this too.

Mizuki places something else aside. It's something heavier than the parker... it's a headphone.

Aoba

Headphone? Why?

Mizuki

They have it so I took it over.

Aoba

Huh?

Mizuki
If you don't need it then throw it away.

I've loved to listen to music since a long time ago.
When I listen to music, it's like my soul and my body are separated, it feels like they're soaring separately.
In that state, "Desire" is a more prominent conscious than any other, it almost feels the same as when I'm playing Rhyme.
The "me" when listening to music is an affirmed existence, it's like everything else is wiped clean... like the conscious is being enveloped in music. I like that kind of feeling.

Is it because I'm thinking about that kind of thing? My headache starts to calm.

Mizuki
Do you want to try it on?



After regaining my composure I did as what Mizuki had told me, slipping my hand into the parker's sleeve.
The size is not too big, not too small either. That's what I thought but...

Mizuki
It looks like there's still space for you there.

Mizuki says it in such a casual way, I shoot him a confronting look.

Aoba
How so? It's not much different from yours, no?

Mizuki
Not really, no matter how you look at it yours is still bigger than mine.

Aoba
No such thing.

Even though I retorted, Mizuki is still smiling impishly at me.
From my view, it's really not much different from Mizuki's though.
...oh well, I'd be dumb to fight over something like this.
Without saying anything, I sling the headphone around my neck.

Aoba
So? What do we do now? We're going out, right?

Mizuki
Ah, yeah but... how is it? How do you feel wearing that?

Aoba
What do I think? Nothing.

Whatever it is, it's only wearing a parker on, no?
Hearing my answer, Mizuki sighs with a bitter look, shaking his head.

Mizuki
Ha, I'm the dumb one for expecting too much from you.

Aoba
Expectation, what are you expecting from me?

Mizuki
Well, we're finally in the same team no? Also all of us actually admire the
Morphine's parker.

Aoba
I'm not admiring it, though.

Mizuki
Then, what about being in the same team?

Mizuki looks at me, as if searching for something.
I return his gaze, then slowly open my mouth.

Aoba
...I'm happy.

Saying that with a smirk, Mizuki responds with a shattered laughter.

Mizuki
...Ha. You've such a bad personality. Were you like this in the past?

Aoba
Yeah.

With my answer, I stand up, then walk towards Mizuki, pulling our faces closer.
I stare into Mizuki's eyes with a deeper gaze than before.

Aoba

I've always been like this. You never knew.

Listening to what I said, Mizuki smiles, his lips curve.

Mizuki

...No, I know. You've always been like this.

The person Mizuki is reminded of is the me from the past, when he first met me.

That's right. I'm closer to the "Aoba" then.

That "Aoba" was needed. The "Aoba" now is not needed.

I simply need to delete the memories now and change them into new ones.

Staring into Mizuki's eyes for a while, I take a distance back.

Mizuki doesn't seem like he intends to move as he looks around in his parker's pocket and pulls something out of it, pushing it into my hand.

It's a wrapped item, something like a chocolate, alongside a water bottle.

Mizuki

Food. Anyway eat that. Everyone eats the same thing as well.

Oh yeah, he did mention something about energy food for nutrient intake purposes.

Mizuki

If you want something else you could ask for it. Are you okay with that?

- ▶ I want something similar to what Mizuki eats.
 - ▶ Whatever is fine.
-

- ▶ I want something similar to what Mizuki eats.

Aoba

Do you eat this too?

Mizuki

No. It depends on my mood but, I eat something more normal.

Aoba

Hmm. Me too, then.

Mizuki

Ha?

Mizuki looks at me, surprised.

Aoba

That's what I said, I want to eat the same thing as you.

Mizuki

You mean you want to eat the same thing as me?

Aoba

Yeah. If I can't then I'm fine with this though.

I open up the energy bar, while Mizuki lightly shakes his head.

Mizuki

I don't know you at all. If my preference does not fit yours, don't complain, alright?

Aoba

I'm not gonna.

Mizuki

You just feel that it's troublesome anyway, right?

Aoba

Who knows?

Mizuki

Then anything's fine, no? As long as you could eat them.

Aoba

I want the same thing as yours.

Mizuki frowns as he looks at me, then he sighs softly.

Mizuki

...I don't understand you.

Aoba

Anyway, I'm awake now. If we're leaving, then let's go now.

► Whatever is fine.

Aoba

...Yeah.

I'm not interested in food, I'm fine with this until I get tired of it.

Mizuki

Well, if you get tired with it I can always change something else for you. As long as you say the word, anyway, this is fine for now, right?

Aoba

You'll change it if I tell you?

Mizuki

Ha? You can tell me. But even if you tell the other guys...

Aoba

You're looking after me?

I ask with a serious face, while Mizuki looks slightly disturbed.

Mizuki

Looking after you? What is it? Do you want me to look after you?

Aoba

Everything is troublesome, after all.

Mizuki

Ha? I won't look after you then.

Aoba

Look after me.

Mizuki

Seriously, you.

Aoba

You said i'm your right hand or something like that, no?

Mizuki frowns.

Mizuki

Seriously. Who do you think you are?

I ignore what Mizuki said and stretch loudly.

Aoba

Ah- I'm finally awake now. If we're leaving, let's go now.

Mizuki

Before that, eat your food.

Aoba

I'm not hungry. I'll eat when I come back.

Drinking just a little from the water bottle, I put the energy bar on the bed. I don't really mind the headache now, my foggiest when I woke has also disappeared.

Mizuki

If you collapse halfway through work I'll abandon you, alright?

Aoba

Feel free to.

Mizuki

...Do whatever you like.

Mizuki is showing obvious displeasure on his face. As if trying to give him a push, I walk out of the room with Mizuki.

If he's talking about Morphine's job, I guess it's the one where we have to head into the Old Resident District to recruit more members then.

It seems like the parking bay is located on the same floor as our room, in the basement, three floors below.

As we walk, I listen to Mizuki as he explains about Morphine.

As I'm informed of how Morphine does more than just recruiting members, I respond with something that I've been thinking for a while now.

Morphine looks like just any other Rib team, but it's different.

It's actually a gathering of a group of "soldiers" that are all being mentally manipulated by Toue. They are simply human weapons who are used when the time needs them to move.

And since they're also executing some sort of brain experiment, these "soldiers" seem to have their mental state being gradually enhanced as time passes.

To be stronger, smarter. Even though they don't possess their own conscious and spirit, they could become puppets who move according to instructions, I guess.

But, there are some people who can't adapt to the requirements, and across time, they'd only become humans who can no longer be used.

It seems like there are a lot of experiment subjects around too. And there's where Toue has his eyes on – the Ribs Days.

People who are into Ribs are usually around their tens to twenties years old, there are a lot of young people who aren't matured yet.

Above that, there are a lot of problematic teens who are raised in a bad environment, having such weak mentality also means that they're easy to be controlled.

Plus the fact that the discipline in the Old Resident Area is bad, so I guess even when a lot of people start disappearing it wouldn't create too much of an uproar anyway.

Besides that, it's not like it's anything new when members would suddenly vanish in the process of recruiting new Morphine members. One day, just suddenly, there would also be people who return by themselves.

Are they unqualified as Toue's "soldiers"? Or are they being abandoned after they're done with being observed as experimental subjects?

Whatever the reason is, it's not like everyone disappeared, so it shouldn't cause any huge commotion. The police in the Old Resident District aren't especially helpful either, so everything would just remain as rumours.

That said, if this continues it'll only refrain people to join Rib, there would be some

extent of widened gap in between them.
And that's the real form of "Spirited Away".

Mizuki
Rhyme seems to be something that's brought to fame by Toue.

Aoba
Rhyme too?

Mizuki
Yeah. Rhyme was initially created by some user as an amateur game, and when it started gaining fame, it evolves into the Rhyme we see today.

Mizuki
But, it seems like there are a lot of inner politics for that, even.

Aoba
For what purpose?

Mizuki
It's to test if people will start losing themselves if their dependence towards the game is high. Seems like it's part of the experiment too.

Mizuki
Rhyme is different from how Rib does it, it's a direct access to the brain.

Aoba
Ah... I see.

Mizuki
That means once Toue sets his eyes on it, Midorijima would then turn into a huge experimental ground. ... Well, we're here.

After a long walk down the corridor, we walk out of a door, there are a few cars in a huge space, stopping.
There, a black van, clearly waiting for us, stops in one corner. It's the same car that has transported me here from the Old Resident District.
A Morphine member is already sitting in the driver seat, I can see a few other people in the back seats through the opened door.

Aoba
Hey, are you the leader of Morphine?

Mizuki
Yeah, if you're talking about the action force.

Aoba
Action force?

Mizuki

There's someone else who would give the instructions on what to do.

Aoba

Who is it?

As I ask, Mizuki frowns.

Aoba

You don't seem like you want to tell me.

Mizuki

...You know them too.

Aoba

Them?

Mizuki

... They are in the Old Resident District, aren't they? A pair that dresses like twins.

Aoba

...Do you mean Virus and Trip?

Mizuki nods with a bitter expression.

...that means.

Virus

...Welcome to Morphine, Aoba-san.

Aoba

What's that? You're speaking as if you're part of Morphine too.

Virus

Yeah, we are.

I thought that was a joke... That was real, was it?

Mizuki

They're the ones who are leading Morphine.

Aoba

Heh...

Mizuki

Surprised? Who would've thought that the yakuza in the Old Resident District would be Morphine's leader?

Aoba

I'm more interested to why you're showing that displeased face when you talk about them, though.

I say as I follow Mizuki to sit at the backseat in the van, Mizuki turns around and responds. He's bearing a complicated-looking face.

Aoba

Those two, do you hate them?

Mizuki

...

Mizuki does not answer, with knitted eyebrows, he sits on an empty seat in the backseat. I sit right opposite him.

There are 6 other people sitting around us, everyone remains silent, their faces facing the ground.

I wonder how many of these people are from the big room from before? Are they Dry Juice's members too? I can't see the tattoo so I can't tell.

As we settle down, the engine starts to rev, the van moves slowly.

There are barely any cars in the parking bay. I wonder if there's even a meaning to have such a huge space, if this space is used for bigger events, like a party or something.

With a slightly inexperienced way of driving, the van starts to move around the parking bay.

As I wonder where does this van planning to bring us to, I see a big shuttle in front, near the wall. The shuttle is closed, as part of the wall.

Aoba

Aren't we going to the ground?

Mizuki

...Oh yeah, you were sleeping when we came from the Old Resident District. That route links between here to the ground via the underground.

Aoba

Underground?

Mizuki

In the past, you know that Midorijima has gone through huge construction to build Platinum Jail, right? The transportation route from that time is preserved.

Aoba

Heh...

The car stops in front of the shuttle, a man sitting on the passenger seat walks out of the car.

He takes a card out from inside his parker, and presses it against a screen right beside the shuttle.

The shuttle raises slowly, revealing a route that continues from here.
The man who were using the card returned to his seat, and the car starts moving again.

As the car moves for a while, taking right turns, a big panel appears.
The parking bay from just now was already huge, this place is far bigger, the ceiling much higher, and it's dark.
Preserved from when Platinum Jail was built, there's a route that leads directly to the ground, and there are many metal materials scattering all over the place.
As the car continues moving, the inside of the car is nothing but pure silence. Mizuki watches out of the window quietly.
The lights from the ceiling illuminates through the gaps in the car once a while, lightning up the darkness in the car, then pushing it back into darkness again.

Aoba
...Hey, about what I asked you earlier.

As I call out to him, Mizuki shifts his gaze towards me.

Aoba
You haven't answered me yet. Do you hate those two?

Mizuki
...

Mizuki
The memories i had before I joined Morphine are erased so I don't know. But, when it comes to those two, for some reason, it always gives me some sort of bad feeling.

Aoba
Heh.

Mizuki
What about you, Aoba?

Aoba
What is?

Mizuki
About them.

Aoba
Me? I...

I purposely hang my words to a pause, staring at Mizuki at the same time.
The words are already on my tongue, I've prepared words which are neither my real thoughts nor a lie.
My opinions towards those two remained the same from the past. Ever since "Reason" surfaced.

But, if I am to say that the me now is just a tad different from me in the past...
Me in the past honestly took them as my friends.
The me now, though...
It depends on if they could still entertain me like how they did.
But, there's no need to explain to Mizuki about that.
That's why, this is what I'll say.

Aoba
I like them, those two.

Mizuki's expression when he hears my answer is secluded by the darkness of the surrounding, I couldn't really tell since I can't see it.
When it's brighter again in the car, Mizuki is already looking out of the window.

(■■■■■■■■■■ DRAMAtical Murder re:code [■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■] ■■■■)